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MISS GEORGIA DURHAM
(MRS. THOS. E. WATSON)

LIFE OF THOS. E. WATSON

BY HIS GRAND-DAUGHTER,

GEORGIA WATSON LEE

CHAPTER V.

MISS GEORGIA DURHAM.

"In whose pure affection and loyal soul a briefless young lawyer found favor in the good year 1877, and who not so very long afterwards—for the course of true love, as from time immemorial, did not run smooth—became Mrs. Thos. E. Watson, and who has ever since walked the long path by his side, through health and through sickness, through joy and through sorrow, through the sunlight and through the tempest, with the unfaltering devotion of the typical wife, and who now turns with him to face the afternoon of life, without any sort of fear, and with the peace of soul that passes understanding."*

Major Robert Grimes was a distinguished old soldier of the War of 1812. He and his wife, Mrs. Georgia Grimes, lived on a plantation near the city of Savannah. When his young wife died at the birth of their only child, a daughter, he became very morose and bitter towards the whole world; his only happiness being the pleasure of his little daughter, Annie. At length Annie became a very beautiful and popular young lady. Much to the horror of her father, he discovered that she was deeply in love with a "Yankee,"—a young business man from the North. He bitterly opposed her marriage and forbade her to see him again. However, her love for the Northerner, George Parsons by name, was so much stronger than her sense of duty to her father that she eloped with him and they were married away from home. Her father never became reconciled even when he learned two years later that they had a little daughter, who was named Georgia for the Major's lovely wife. Shortly after this Annie's health began to fail and at her wish to go once more to Savannah the family came back to Georgia in spite of the fear that a civil war was imminent. Not long after they arrived in Savannah Miss Annie took her bed, from which she never arose. Upon her earnest request the old Major was told of her condition. He came to see her but refused to see her Yankee husband or her child. This seemed to hasten her death for she died a few days later, leaving her three-year-old baby girl with her distressed young husband. To make matters worse, war had been declared between the states and the young Northerner knew it was

*This chapter is fittingly introduced by the dedication of "Prose Miscellanies," written by Mr. Watson in 1912.

impossible to get through the lines with his baby girl to their home in New York City. Having no alternative he was forced to leave little Georgia with a trusted old nurse of his wife to live in a secluded little cottage on Thunderbolt. He was anxious to get back to his native state to enlist with his people; so after making arrangements with the negro couple to keep his child he brought little Georgia to their house late one night and went to smuggle his way through the Confederate lines to New York.

Before the Mason and Dixon's line became such a keen line of demarkation between the South and North, business matters brought this young New Yorker to Savannah, and the pure love of the Southern queenly girl almost transplanted him to a clime far superior to New York's. In fact when his beautiful young wife became a sufferer physically and longed for childhood scenes his chivalrous heart beat a quick response. They came to Savannah, where, perhaps they would have remained permanently, had not death struck a cruel blow forcing a separation which sectional strife and war never could have done.

* * * * *

Because of the extremely romantic nature of Miss Georgia's early life* Mr. Watson at one time began an historical novel, "Endurin' of the War," of which Miss Georgia was the center. For the interest of our readers we are inserting a part of his first chapter.

On a night in the early part of the year 1861, a closed carriage sped along the shell road from Savannah to Thunderbolt. It turned to the right, entering the flat which swept on to the waters of the ocean. It stopped before a small house, in which a light was burning, and a man wrapped in a cloak got out and walked towards the door of the cottage, bearing in his arms a sleeping child. Once inside the home he closed the door, as though the place were his, and he laid the child softly upon the clean single cot, which had apparently been made ready for it. As he did so the fleecy knitted shawl which had covered its head fell away. The face was that of a little girl some four years old.

"Rose" called the man; and in response there came into the room from some building in the rear an old negro woman, a motherly looking old soul, dressed much better than the average negro, and having the appearance of a favored servant of the richest people.

"Rose, here is my little girl whom you are to keep for me until I send her north. As you know, her mother is dead. I have no relations anywhere in the South, my folks are all in the North and I cannot fight against them. I must get

*Mrs. Watson was so familiarly known by all the family and acquaintances as well as by the natives who idolized her as Miss Georgia, that we cannot forbear using this name, which was so dear to Mr. Watson.

away from here and must go tonight. I have already waited too long and am in danger of not getting through the lines."

He then hurriedly arranged all details with the woman, giving her money and instructions.

"But spose Miss Annie's folks claim de child?" asked the negro woman.

"That is the very reason I bring her here. They must not know where she is. I have waited too long, had some money matters that had to be attended to, and now I cannot take the child with me. If I leave her with her mother's people they will never let her come North."

"Poor Miss Annie," said the woman, drawing a long breath. "Her folks like to have went wild when she fell in love with a Yankee."

"Damn prejudice," snarled the man.

He stood before the fire looking down into the blaze, and he had the look of a man who had suffered. In size he was not above the medium, was well built, had a face in no way remarkable for looks, either good or bad, but he had the appearance of a gentleman, and his dress was that of a prosperous banker or merchant.

Studying his clean cut, regular, and self-possessed features you would have come to the conclusion that here was a man, who was first of all a business man—one who was not given to sentimental softness or weakness, one who might tread roughly all things which stood between him and business.

"Rose," he resumed at length, "you know what I have done for you and Abram. You and your husband both expressed yourself as grateful to me. In your house my child can be concealed from those high-headed people of Annie's until I can manage to send for her. I trust her to you and Abraham. She knows you both and loves you."

Rose's husband had been nodding by the kitchen fire, but he now entered the house, bent his gray head to the white man and glanced towards the cot.

"Dat little Missie?" he said, though he knew well enough who it was.

"Yes, Abram, that's 'Missie.' You and Rose must take charge of her for a short while and protect her as you would your own. Keep her out of sight of visitors to Thunderbolt, let none of these Savannah people know where she is, and when I send for her let her come at once."

He went to the still sleeping child, gazed at her affectionately for a moment, bent over and kissed her—very softly and tenderly. Then he told the aged couple of black good-bye, with final words of instructions, entering his carriage, and was driven away.

A little white girl—dainty, beautiful, elegantly dressed—left at a negro's house for a negro to take care of for an uncertain length of time and during the tumults of war! An unusual procedure even for a Northern man. Old Abram and his wife, Rose, sat by the fire long after their visitor had gone on his way back to Savannah, gravely talking the thing over.

Said Abram, "Pity Major Grimes' folks hate Marse George so bad—his li'l gal ought ter be wid de Major in de city, not hid out heah in a nigger house."

"Yas, tis er pity," Rose agreed, "but we mus do de bes' we kin. Miss Annie wuz good ter me an' Mist' Parker loant you de money ter buy dis house, an' he ain' never come down on yer fur it, lak some would er done."

"I know dat," says Abram. "Dat whut makes me promus him ter take keer uv de chile when he fus axed me."

"Den agin he so free wid his money," suggested Rose, "and den agin de little Missie allus been er pet wid us since de fus time we see Marse George bring her down to Thunderbolt."

"Nicest li'l white gal I seen yit," Abram rejoined cordially. "Got no mean ways, an' no sass. Nev' heern her sass nobody, ner even snap her eyes, ner pout, ner make faces."

"Nice li'l gal," said Rose softly, glancing at the cot, "an' if I had er been her daddy I'd er tuk er home er died."

"Shet yo' mouf, Rose! You don' know whut yer talkin' about now. Dat white man got ter run de blockade, an' how he go' do it an' tote er li'l gal chile all de time?"

* * * *

I wonder if the stars, looking down through the hurrying clouds that night, saw a sight more pathetic than this in all the troubled South. The negro cottage near the ocean, the trusted old couple chosen for a strange trust. The sweet-faced child asleep on the cot—motherless, and its father speeding away through the night to the far North. Daintier little hands than those never clasped about a parent's neck, rosier, sweeter lips no mother ever kissed. When those tender violet eyes were closing in slumber they rested upon the face of a devoted father; they were never to look upon him again.

The year 1860 found the famous doctor* a very aged man. Around him had grown up a large family, three of his children being boys who had now reached manhood. Stalwart, gallant young men they were, jolly, whole-souled, full of life.

*This is Doctor Lindsey Durham, whom Mr. Watson had described in his manuscript as the late doctor, who was "a natural botanist," and who built his house on a bluff on the Oconee River among the Indians and gained their loyal friendship. Mr. Watson says 'that for almost every herb Doctor Durham found a use. In fact, he was the pioneer, the founder of a distinct school. Much of what he knew about the curative properties of plants he had learned from the medicine men of the Indians, so it was said, but as he had always been a student, always remained one, experimented in many directions and continually increased his variety of prescriptions the probability is that he owed very little to the medicine men of the woods."

There was William, the oldest, and who most resembled his father; there was Frank, who was shorter and stouter than either his father or his brother William; and there was George, the youngest, taller than Frank, stouter than Frank, but not so tall as his father.

Now the war fever grew as hot along the Oconee as it did anywhere. Indignation against the North was as fierce. When South Carolina seceded in December, 1860, everybody gloried in her spunk. When Joe Brown seized Fort Pulaski, and the Convention at Miledgeville voted Georgia out, joy was universal. When all efforts at compromise failed at Washington, and when it was known that the Republican leaders had declared that they had no pledges to give the South, wrath on the Oconee flamed up as high as it did in Toombs' own home.

And when it became clear that the purpose of the Republican leaders was to make war upon us, to invade us with their armies, nine men out of every ten on the Oconee were eager to volunteer to defend the South.

What! Arm tens of thousands of men to come down here burning and slaying when we had done no more than what the Hartford Convention had been organized to do, no more than Daniel Webster had declared the South had the right to do!

It was maddening, the very thought. And with an impulse which rose from the very depths of individual and national character the people sprang to arms!

Who spoke or thought of fighting to keep negroes in bondage? Nobody.

The fact that fired every heart was that Lincoln proposed to make war upon us and invade our native land, for no other reason than that we had exercised a right which we believed to be ours absolutely.

The benevolent old Doctor took great pride in his boys; and he was never prouder of them than on the day when they all said they were going to volunteer.

"Go, and God bless you, William! Go you likewise, Frank. But you, George, my youngest—do you remain at home to take care of me and your mother—for we need you."

In substance this was the good Doctor's counsel; and his boys obeyed. (Young George became a doctor).

* * * * *

As times grew more desperate and no word was heard from George Parsons the negroes became more and more anxious for their precious charge. At times they even considered telling the old Major about the child, but their loyalty to George Porter prevented this. Before the war came to a close the old Major died and they were left with the entire responsibility. Shortly after the war, Doctor George Durham, a famous young doctor from Thomson, Ga., was on a visit

to Savannah. Going out by Thunderbolt, he chanced to see a beautiful little child of tender years playing in the yard of a negro shanty. He was struck by the winsome beauty of the child and her aristocratic mien. Making inquiries of the old negro woman he discovered that the child had no parents and no one except the negro to care for her. He became intensely interested and as he and his wife had no children, wished to adopt her. The negro was willing and as the child seemed to take an immediate fancy to the Doctor he accordingly made plans to take her with him to Thomson.

Little Georgia was possessed of a deeply grateful and affectionate nature and as the months passed she began to fill the place in their home that their own daughter might have filled .

As she grew to young womanhood she was even more beautiful and charming than as a child. All the young men worshipped her from afar, the young ladies loved instead of envied her, and the old and unfortunate people whom she frequently visited never ceased to heap their blessings on her.

She was unusually studious and interested in works of art; so she soon organized a school for young children. She was at this time 18 years of age, and her little pupils loved her with a steadfast devotion. Among her pupils at this time was little Julia Watson, and it was through her that she became so well acquainted with the promising young lawyer, Thomas Watson, and through this acquaintanceship, which ripened into mutual love, was consummated the marriage of Thomas E. Watson and Miss Georgia Durham.

Unfortunately for their descendants and the literary world to whom Thomas E. Watson needs no introduction, the historical novel referred to above, of which Miss Georgia was the center, was never finished, even portions of which he did write have been lost. However, the fragments which remain contain word pictures so true to life, written in his forceful and emotional style, that we consider them splendid for the closing paragraphs of this story.

* * * * *

My wife humors me in many of my weaknesses, one of which is the taking of a meal each day in solitude. Breakfast finds me at the table with family and guests with dogs, cats, canary birds, servants, all around; dinner ditto; but when evening comes, and the swamp sparrow claques to its shelter in the trees which I planted twenty years ago, or the fussy little wren quarrels his way to the nook under my window where he or his ancestors have lived and bred every since I

bought the place, I love to draw the curtains, light up the room, draw near the blazing fire, and take supper "all to myself." It is not a heavy meal—merely a cup of coffee, as a rule, which my good wife brings me herself—there's the pleasure of it—and as she pours the fragrant beverage which inspires and, perhaps, kills, we begin to talk; and while I drink we talk; and after the cup is emptied we talk—just wife and I—as we can talk at no other time during the day. We talk of old times, we talk of our strange careers, we speak of the days when we had no homes, of the time when I slept on the ground and went hungry, of the time when she was a deserted, an abandoned child by the seashore, left to the care of an old nurse. Wife and I! What is it we do not know about life? Is there a joy or a grief we have not felt? Is there an extreme we have not touched?

Did ever the bright stars look down upon a happier man than I the night she said she loved me—me, the moneyless village lawyer, who had barely a good coat to his back? Shall I ever forget how the world looked that night as I reeled to my room, literally intoxicated with joy, and throwing my arms apart as I said under my breath, over and over again, "Happy as a King! Happy as a King!" It was midnight, fortunately no one saw me; I had surely been taken for a madman. How I rolled and tossed till day, how I luxuriated in dreams of happiness, how I pictured the ideal life we should lead, how I did thank God from the very depths of my soul for the bliss which had come upon me! Ah me! Once, once, I was drunk with happiness! That night, that night, I lay in heaven, and I breathed the thoughts of the pure, the divine. It may never be mine again, but that night I drank deep of the nectar of the Gods.

To love her tenderly all the days of her life, to shield her from all that could hurt, to time the march of my ambition in the light of her violet eyes, to keep on those sweetest of lips the tender smile always, that was my vow: shame upon me that I did not keep it. I know I fell short of my pledge, failing weakly, miserably, but, Oh, I meant to keep it, as God is my judge!

Yes, yes, yes—I am a little wild you see: you must learn to bear with me: my wife does: she knows how to forgive me. See how I love her and grieve over my shortcomings: she knows that I would cast out the evil spirit that sometimes is master of me if I could, so, as I said, she humors many of my peculiarities—she, the patient, the sweet-tempered, the loyal and tender-hearted. Her dark brown hair is streaked with gray now, her smile is rather sad and in the depths of the violet eyes is a shadow that wrings my heart. She sat for a picture the other day and when it was brought to me I went to my own room, looked at the worn face through blinding tears, and from the depths of my being prayed the publican prayer.

For you see my life has been stormy, and through it all she had to be dragged. I was so wretchedly poor that credit was refused me at the village store: I could make out to live: and my wife knew it: she was too proud to complain: she would not wear or use things that were not paid for: she joined me in the struggle; did her own housekeping and cooking; worked her tender hands into hardness, going to the toil many a day when she should have been in bed.

Business was slow in coming to me. For the first year or two I did not earn a support. It was a haggard existence.

Do you wonder that I prize this dear woman so dearly? Do you wonder that she has become my queen? Are you impatient with me when I confess to you that I wept over her portrait, the other day, because of the shadow of grief that lay upon her face?

Comrade, excuse me. I fear that I put that sadness there, and it cuts me like a knife. For you know, comrade, what's done is done, and can't be undone. We are old now, and the shadow that looks out from the picture will lie there always! I cannot remove it now—not entirely. Too late, too late, too late.

And yet, there never was a time when I did not passionately love her. There was never a time after our marriage when it ever entered my head that I had not married the sweetest woman in the world. There never was a time when I did not look up to her as infinitely my superior. And to this day it sometimes appears to me as a surprise that I ever won her: and I marvel at my own good fortune. It seems to me that if all the women that ever—

Here the manuscript is missing. I am sure you have enjoyed these striking and typical word pictures so beautifully expressed. In your own experiences and observations have you ever been conscious of something similar? Suppose you talk it over with your good wife, or with somebody, and see if any personal application or observation can be made.

Following the abrupt breaking off of Mr. Watson's musings above, there are two short pages of unprinted manuscript in which we see philosophizing in the evening before the blazing fire and drifting almost into melancholy, from which he is lovingly rescued by that queen of his home, Miss Georgia.

On this particular day of the year 1902, of the month of March, it had been raining steadily all day, I was shut up in the house and the world shut out, and had been here a long time! My head is not much gray, nor am I bald, nor do I wear glasses, nor are my hands dry, nor do my bones ache anywhere, nor have I any false teeth, nor are my eyes unpleasantly moist, and I neither sniffle nor belch, but it does seem to me that I have been here a long time: and—

Here comes my wife with that cup of coffee.

CHAPTER VI IN JULY ISSUE

JEFFERSON DAVIS

AN EDITORIAL

June ushers in the birthday of Jefferson Davis, only President of the Southern Confederacy. Born in 1808 and dying in 1889, he linked the day of Thomas Jefferson with that of Benjamin Harrison.

A West Point graduate, he saw service in the United States with the Army on the western frontier and in the Mexican War greatly distinguished himself in the battle of the Monterey and Buena Vista, then being Colonel of the first Mississippi Riflers.

As a member of Congres (1845-1846) and United States Senator from Mississippi (1847-1851) he served with great ability and made an excellent Secretary of War in President Pierce's Cabinet, to which post he was appointed in 1853. He was the pioneer in the idea of building a railway line to the Pacific coast, and during his incumbency of the War Department had several surveys made to locate a suitable route. Reelected to the Senate at the close of the Pierce administration, he again took a leading part in that body, being prominent in his opposition to anti-slavery aggression. He went with his state when secession was declared.

In 1861 he was elected provisional president of the Southern Confederacy, and in 1862 was inaugurated president under the permanent government which had been established.

A prisoner of war after the close of the conflict, he was finally released in 1867, later (1879) writing his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate States," and afterwards "A Short History of the Confederacy."

He died in the city of New Orleans and it was realized by all that a great American had departed.

A SURVEY OF THE WORLD

Mussolini's Dictatorship: Now comes Ferrero, the Italian historian, who says in his book, "Four Years of Facism," that all personal governments are weak, and predicts the early downfall of Mussolini; in fact he says it has already begun. This is in line with our remarks on this subject in the May issue of The Watsonian. Here's what the Italian historian says about it:

"It is the absence of all resistance amid universal instability that made it so easy for the new dictatorship to establish itself. But only when there is resistance can there be potential support. The new dictatorship met with no resistance, but it has found no serious support outside its own militia. That is the whole secret of the new government; of its accesses of terror, more violent after each succeeding triumph; of the outbreaks of violence to which it abandons itself when good sense should warn it that they are unnecessary; of its notcinual alternations between the appeal to consent and the appeal to force. It is a government in the void. Around it there is neither resistance nor support. . . What will happen can in some degree be foreseen. All personal governments are weak, and their weakness is the greater in proportion as their legitimacy is the more doubtful and open to challenge. The dictatorship of Mussolini will be exceedingly weak. Like all dictators he in his turn will be bound and gagged and betrayed by his own people, by his most ardent admirers, by his ministers and officials. There will begin—there has already begun—between him and those who should be the executors of his will, the customary play between all dictators and their savants. All responsibility will be thrown on the dictators shoulders, while all affective power will suptly slip out of his hands and into those of his underlings. To be responsible for everything and at the same time impotent—this, in the modern bureaucratic State, is the punishment of the men who dream of dictatorship. The last of them will suffer the fate of those who have preceded him."

* * *

Georgia's Auditor Makes Timely Recommendations: Sam J. Slate, Georgia's State Auditor, in commenting on the contents of his official report to the Governor recommends that all state tax collections should be in one office. Mr. Slate is quoted in the press as expressing himself in part as follows:

"We have carefully analyzed the collection of taxes through the office of the Comptroller General so that legislation can be carefuly considered in the light of results now accomplished. Eventually Georgia should have one central department whose sole duty should be to collect the revenue of the state and all collections of all revenue should pass through one central department so that we may have in one office all financial records pertaining to revenue collected and that responsibility, control and authority may not be divided but lodged in one official of the state.

"The time has now come, with heavy

increase in expenditure and with heavy volume of collections, for the state to be more diligent in an effort to collect her delinquent taxes. The needs of the state are great; governmental operations cover more and more scope but we should not ask for additional taxation until all delinquent taxpayers pay their proportionate part of the cost of government, and until we make the effort to do this it is manifestly unfair in laying additional burdens upon those who have paid, while those who enjoy the benefits of government are escaping dues already found to be their part.

* * *

The Phillipines: Mr. Coolidge has been severely criticised by some for the position he took by vetoing the bill to allow the plebiscite for the Philippines. It is said that "Mr. Coolidge's argument could easily have been made to the Thirteen Colonies." A close study of the portion of his message given below does not place us among his adverse critics:

"Unless and until the people of the Philippines and their leaders are thoroughly informed of the material assistance given to the Islands by the United States and have a fair appreciation of what its withdrawal means, a vote on the abstract question of independence would be not only futile but absolutely unfair to them, and the acceptance of the result as an informed judgment would be dangerous to their future welfare.

"This phase of the question has not received careful consideration in the Islands because of the misapprehension which seems to be quite general there that America, even though she granted full autonomy to the Islands, would still assume the heavy responsibility of guaranteeing the security, sovereignty, and independence of the Islands. In my opinion this is wholly erroneous. Responsibility without authority would be unthinkable.

"Such a Government, crippled by the direct loss of revenue, by increased interest rates on loans, and by the paralyzation of its industries, would be called on to incur the added cost of keeping up a diplomatic service, army, navy, and other features of sovereignty. It is obvious that the revenues of the Islands would be totally inadequate to maintain a separate Government.

"These are but a few of the problems which would arise from a status of independence. . . . With a condition of peace, progress, and prosperity hitherto unknown in their history, with self-government largely attained, with advantages enjoyed in many cases greater than those of American citizens, the people of the Philippines may well reflect seriously before wishing to embark on the uncharted stormy sea of independence."

* * *

With Apologies to Kipling. Ira Hamilton passes out some observations to the modern female in the four stanzas below:

ANOTHER "IF"

With Apologies to Kipling

If you can keep yourself above the fashion
That like a flood has overflowed the world;
If you can make your clothes and wear them decent,
And hold your honor dear, though scorn is hurled.

If you can see in style no admiration
But rather that it's decency's worst foe;
If you can keep your arctics on and buckled,

Some self-control and modesty you'll show.
If you can let the men wear all the trousers,
And never crowd them from the barber's chair;
If you won't try to look so artificial,
Nor use a curling iron to spoil your hair.

If you can let the merchant keep his powder,
And let the house and barn have all the paint;
Then you won't have the people talkin' 'bout you,
Nor have them thinking you are what you ain't!—Ira Hamilton.

* * *

A Prayer That the Petitioner Can Help to Answer. This prayer is used by the cadets at West Point:

"O God, our Father, Thou Searcher of men's hearts, help us to draw near to Thee in sincerity and truth. May our religion be filled with gladness and may our worship of Thee be natural. Strengthen and increase our admiration for honest dealing and clean thinking, and suffer not our hatred of hypocrisy and pretense ever to diminish. Encourage us in our endeavor to live above the common level of life. Make us choose the harder right instead of the easier wrong, and never to be content with a half truth when the whole can be won. Endow us with courage that is born of loyalty to all that is noble and worthy, that scorns to compromise with vice and injustice, and knows no fear when truth and right are in jeopardy. Guard us against flippancy and irreverence in the sacred things of life. Grant us new ties of friendship and new opportunities of service. Kindle our hearts in fellowship with those of a cheerful countenance, and soften our hearts with sympathy for those who sorrow and suffer. May we find genuine pleasure in clean and wholesome mirth and feel inherent disgust for all coarse-minded humor. Help us, in our work and in our play, to keep ourselves physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight, that we may the better maintain the honor of the Corps untarnished and unsullied, and acquit ourselves like men in our effort to realize the ideals of West Point, in doing our duty to Thee and to our Country. All of which we ask in the name of the Great Friend and Master of men. Amen.

* * *

Oldest Case in Court. The pathfinder, Washington, D. C., is responsible for the latest developments in a famous case of the Commonwealth of Greece vs. Socrates of Athens. We await the outcome of this action in the Supreme Court of Athens. We trust our contemporary will keep us posted. Here is the way it stands now:

Appeals Socrates's Sentence. The sentence of death of Socrates, famous ancient Greek philosopher, has been appealed to the supreme court at Athens. M. Paradopoulos, attorney taking the action, declared that "the honor of Greece required a revision of the judgment and a judicial declaration of Socrates's innocence." The philosopher was condemned to drink poison hemlock in 399 B. C. on the charges impiety and of corrupting the young.

* * *

Florida Grants Perpetual Franchise to Seaboard Air Line. The Atlanta Constitution May 16th, under the head of "Seaboard Given Everglades Lines, Says Miami News," gives us the somewhat startling news that Florida

has given quite an extensive grant for the trifling sum of $10.00. We have been reading something of the proposed drainage proposed by our sister state and will now watch it a little more closely in the light of the following article appearing under the above heading:

Miami, Fla., May 16.—The Miami Daily News, published by James M. Cox, former governor of Ohio and Democratic candidate for President of the United States in 1920, in its issue today claimed to have information showing that the Seaboard Air Line Railroad has been granted perpetual franchises along the banks of virtually every principal drainage canal in the Everglades.

Governor John W. Martin, of Florida, is said by the paper to have granted these franchises to President S. Davies Warfield, of the Seaboard, for a consideration of $10.

The new franchise agreement is described by the paper as one that will enable the railroad to reach all parts of the Everglades, as acreage is thrown open to cultivation, and the need develops, without the necessity of paying property owners for the various rights-of-way.

The paper further points out that it will, through the franchises, be able to outstrip all competitors, including the powerful Florida East Coast system, and render it impossible, or at least difficult, for any other common carrier to attempt to enter and serve the same territory.

* * *

Catchy Advertising. The expert writer of advertisement today commands a handsome salary. It requires broad information and a deep insight to psychology to compost good ads. The reader of the ad given below will, at least, stop and give it the second thought.

No One to Dispute It.

A butcher in a certain town had read a good deal about "milk from contented cows" and wanting to keep up with the times he placed this sign in his window: "Sausages from pigs that died happy."

* * *

A Cartoon Laden With Truth. A cartoon showing a long dining table extending from the front far to the rear has been going the rounds. Grouped around the end nearest to the reader are three corpulent individuals named "G. O. P., Industries, and Tariff Beneficiaries." In the midst is a silver service extending entirely across the table bearing an enormous pudding labeled "Coolidge and Prosperity." At the other end of the table far removed from the three ballheaded, stuffy, high-feeders sits a lone insignificant looking individual with pinched face and baggy clothes. He is designated "Farmer Jones" and has nothing on his part of the table. The look of despair on his face is quite a contrast to the broad, voluptuous grins of the other three as they with self-satisfied expressions turn to the lone figure, who does not have even a plate and, in concert say, "We'll ask Farmer Jones to return 'Thanks.' " This is bitter sarcasm, but it tells a true story.

Reforestation and the Loblolly Pine. The U. S. Department of Agriculture has designated its Farmers' Bulletin No. 1517, issued December, 1926, the "Loblolly Pine Primer." The Bulletin is instructive and interesting. We give three excerpts:

WHY GROW PINES?

BECAUSE—

Pines will grow well on lands too poor for other crops.

Pines are the most profitable crop that can be grown on some of the land on farms.

Pine timber the country over is rapidly becoming depleted and is rapidly increasing in value.

Pines grow faster than most other kinds of trees and yield more profit per acre.

Pine timber is more readily marketable than that of any other kind of trees.

Pines are easily regenerated, both by natural means following right cutting and by artificial means of sowing the seed or setting out small seedling trees.

Pines made to grow on worn-out, broken, wet, steep, sandy, and inaccessible lands on farms would mean millions of acres of idle lands brought back into profitable use.

Pine timberland on your farm, well set with trees and properly protected from fire, means an asset of increasing value—a bank account for your sons' and daughters' education, and relief in times of emergency.

Stop Burning the Woods.

Fires!—

Kill out the pines.

Make scrub hardwoods sprout.

Run the game away.

Keep the soil poor.

Kill carpet grass, lespedeza, switch cane.

Timber growing creates wealth.

Loblolly pine, when looked after as a crop, will grow an average of one to two cords of wood per year. The trees will be large enough in 15 yeare to make poles, pulp wood, or firewood, and in 20 to 25 years to make framing lumber. Except when cut as thinnings, the trees will yield more profit if allowed 10 to 15 years additional growth.

* * *

Some Interesting Astronomical Facts.

Moon's distance from the earth—240,000 miles.

Sun's distance from the earth—93,000,000 miles.

Distance from the sun to Neptune, the outermost planet, 30 astronomical units.

The sun (with all its planets) is traveling through space at the rate of 12½ miles per second. Distance traveled in 1 year—400,000,000 miles.

The velocity of light—186,300 miles per second.

Distance traveled in 1 year—6 trillion miles (nearly)—1 light year.

The parsec, a term used in astronomical articles—3.26 light years.

Light from the sun reached the earth in 498 seconds—near 8 minutes.

Light from Alpha Centauri, the nearest star, reached earth in 4½ years.

In other words, this star is 275,000 astronomical units, or 25 trillion miles distant.

The distance to the farthest star whose distance can be measured directly is 326 light years.

"WHERE AM I AT?"

By THOS. E. WATSON

A lie which is popular has more lives than a cat. It travels with a speed which defies competition. Trample it out in one place and it springs up in another.

Politicians do not hesitate to declare that a good campaign lie is more serviceable than the truth. Every student of history knows that there is no death for the lie which has once tickled the public ear.

Cambronne, the commander of the Old Guard at Waterloo, did not say "The Guard dies: it does not surrender." Wellington did not cry out, "Up, Guards, and at them!"

The English at the battle of Fontenoy did not say, "Gentlemen of the French Guard, will you please fire first?" Nor did the Comte d'Auteroche reply, "Gentlemen, we never fire first."

General Taylor did not exclaim, at the crisis of the battle of Beuna Vista, "A little more grape, Captain Bragg!"

Yet all of these alleged statements are so popular that they are immortal; and the man who would undertake to root out their existence from historical, rhetorical and oratorical literature had better swap his job for that of Dame Partington, who tried to sweep back the Atlantic Ocean with her broom.

In like manner the phrase, "Where am I at?" clings imperishably to the man who did not use it, and is never attributed to him who did.

The New Orleans Picayune is supposed to be edited by men of average information, who ought to have some recollection of public occurrences within the last few years, and yet the Picayune reports the old, old story that I was the Congressman who, in the course of a speech in the House of Representatives, asked the famous question, "Where am I at?"

The official record of Congress showed at the time, and will show now, that the expression was used by the Hon. Jas. E. Cobb, of Alabama, during the course of a speech on a contested election case from New York, the Hon. Buck Kilgore, of Texas, being in the Chair.

I took no part in the debate at all. I was simply an amused listener to the discourse of the gentleman from Alabama. I was one of those who joined in the merriment when Mr. Cobb, having been momentarily drawn off from the tangled thread of his discourse by questions put to him right and left, turned to the occupant of the chair and inquired, "Mr. Chairman, where was I at in my argu-

ment?" To which the jovial Kilgore replied, "The Chair does not regard that as a parliamentary inquiry."

Soon after this I compiled and published a "Campaign Book" for the use of the People's Party, and in a chapter devoted to a general exposure of Congressional conditions referred to Mr. Cobb, his evident tipsy condition, and his now celebrated phrase, "Where was I at?"

When the book was published it caused a general stir among Congressmen.

Little Joe Wheeler, of Alabama, was especially wroth. He read the passage alluded to on the floor of the House, and denounced me as a liar. Amid the most riotous scene of disorder I rose in my place, reasserted the truth of the statements contained in the book.

A committee of investigation was appointed, the intent being to expel me from the House. I produced the original stenographic notes, swore the stenographer and proved the accuracy of my published statement. Not only that, I proved it by reporters and by members of the House. Hon. W. C. Oates, the colleague of both Mr. Cobb and General Wheeler, was manly enough to testify before the investigation committee that he became convinced that Mr. Cobb was in no condition to continue his speech, and that he went to his colleague and persuaded him to take a seat.

Mr. Cobb, of Alabama, was an excellent gentleman. The personal relations between himself and me were friendly.

I did not personate him. It was never my intention to expose him.

No name was given in my Campaign Book. No name was given in my reply to General Wheeler on the floor of the House. Indeed, when Hon. Joseph W. Bailey, of Texas, came to me and urged me to keep the name of Mr. Cobb from being exposed, I readily promised to do so. But when the investigation committee began its sessions and the scope of the investigation widened, Mr. Cobb became convinced that there was no further hope of keeipng the secret; therefore he himself came before the committee, and thus he was for the first time identified as the Congressman who had been referred to as the author of the phrase, "Where am I at?"

A funny thing happened while the "investigation" was in progress.

Little Joe Wheeler called me into his committee-room and suggested that if I would apologize to the House he thought Congress would agree to "drop it."

Having told nothing but the truth, and having proved it, I was not able to see the wisdom of the General's advice.

OBSERVATIONS AT THE NATIONAL CAPITOL

Special to The Watsonian

Washington, D. C., June, 1927.

The crop of dragon's teeth so assiduously sown by agents of Wall Street and the Vatican in the soil of Mexican-American relations is already producing its harvest.

Rebel Yaqui tribesmen, according to reports, have called on the Calles government for the surrender of the garrison at Nogales, Sonora. Ex-President Adolfo de la Huerta, who since Obregon crushed his revolt in 1923, has been sojourning in the security of Los Angeles, is declared to be jubilant over news of the success of revolting Yaquis and other rebellious elements. Following closely on the heels of the fearful atrocity near Guadalajara when a train containing government troops and Obregon's own daughter was burned with its occupants while malicious Catholic priests shouted the Jesuit battle cry of "Viva Cristo el Rey!" comes information about fresh outrages. Bridges have been burned, telegraph wires cut and other steps by insurgent Catholics and other reactionaries taken to hasten the downfall of the Calles government. The business of destruction and deviltry proceeds in the republic south of the Rio Grande with a speed that is highly gratifying to the money kings and the Papal hierarchs.

The deadly hatred of Archbishop Michael J. Curley of Baltimore and his co-workers for President Calles has not abated. The bitter determination of American petroleum profiteers and other barons of wealth to drive Mexico into a corner in which she will have to obey their commands, is not one whit less than formerly. The black forces of exploitation and superstition are as set as ever on their program of reducing the land of the Aztecs to the status of conquered territory.

With typical Yankee optimism ,many Americans became highly enthusiastic when Coolidge in his recent speech announced that relations with Mexico had become more friendly. But they did not take into consideration other phases of the situation. They did not stop to think that whatever new serenity has spread over the Mexican-American situation arose from concessions made by Calles in the interpretation of the oil laws and that no concessions whatever have been made by Calles to the church. Nor did they figure that the oil concessions, like the much-advertised "retreat" of Soviet Russia be-

fore hostile imperalists, does not mean a change of objective. Mexico's constitution is still a basic law drawn up in the interest of the common people instead of the parasites. A Mexican President may be browbeaten into refraining from insisting strongly on the enforcement of some features of that constitution and still adhere to his original aims.

The shrewd, calculating men who, from offices in Wall and John Streets in New York, rule most of North and South America financially, are keenly aware of these facts. And when they nod approval of Coolidge's honeyed words, they are not at all deluded as to their importance—or lack of importance. They know that, after all, there will be no permanent friendship between the two governments until Mexico grants all of the demands of Rome and Wall Street or until the American masses force the government in Washington to keep "hands off Mexico!"

So these superficial efforts to patch up differences mean little to those who understand. Nor have they in any sense eliminated the causes of friction.

The treacherous intrigues of plotters against Mexico's peace and freedom have, therefore, continued. The fruit is evident in the new rebel activities on the border and in the late depredations.

De la Huerta smiles gleefully at the news. Months ago he told newspaper men that he expected to cross the boundary into Mexico as soon as a town of importance should be seized by the Huertistas. "When the proper time comes—that is, when the revolutionary element of my followers has reached a certain stage—I will return to my native land," he declared.

The protests of a few months ago against American intervention in Mexico and Nicaragua were tremendous in volume and force. For a time they seemed to be effective. They must be renewed today and they must be stronger than before. They must not only demand that there be no direct military intervention but that there be no indirect, involuntary intervention to coerce Calles. And they must insist that lawless Americans in high places financially and politically shall not aid and abet revolution south of the Rio Grande.

* * * * *

What the mercenaries in the army of the bloody dictator, Adolfo Diaz, could not do in Nicaragua, Mr. Henry L. Stimson, ably aided by Rear Admiral Latimer and the American marines, have accomplished.

Liberty has been strangled and democracy outraged in the Central American republic. First, the Nicaraguan masses were denied the results of the election of 1924 in which Liberal candidates were elected.

Chamorro overthrew the Liberals by boldly seizing the fortress at the capital. Then Lawrence Dennis and others asssisted in having Chamorro resign and take a diplomatic job in Europe while Diaz slipped into the chair, after having gone through a fictitious formality of being "elected" President by his own party members in Congress. The bulk of the population supported Sacasa in a revolt designed to restore the government into his own hands as rightful President. In the resulting civil war between Sacasa and Diaz, the troops of Sacasa were winning everywhere. Diaz appeared doomed.

American marines were called in to "protect property interests" and to maintain strict "neutral zones." But Sacasa kept on winning. His people were with him and the majority was defeating the minority. Camouflaged interference was not sufficient to transform Diaz from a loser into a winner.

Then American diplomacy threw off the mask and stood exposed to the world as the partisan and the confederate of the Diaz plutocratic-clerical clique. The direct interference has assured Diaz' victory and destroyed Sacasa's remaining chances. General Moncada, Sacasa's military chieftain, has stated frankly that, although his forces can win in a fair fight with Diaz' men, they cannot win if the United States is to bear down on them. He has virtually quit, knowing how useless it would be to resist.

Stimson has, the administration press tells us, won a "great moral victory." A "victory" that consists in bludgeoning the brave, struggling Nicaraguan nationalists into submission to a brutal tyranny. A "victory" that is a disgrace to America and that evidences the final plunge of the United States into imperialism as ruthless as that of the kaiser, of Britannia or of ancient Rome!

"Dollar diplomacy," backed by gunboats and bayonets, and established at the price of human blood and the enslavement of "backward peoples," is the dominant note of the Coolidge administration.

* * * * *

Ten deaths in the realm of naval aviation—all within 200 miles of the National Capital—have stirred blase Washington more than serious events usually stir it. Were Congress in session now, it would probably investigate the government flying service. The Navy Department is inquiring into the accidents separately and individually—and nothing will probably come out of the inquiry.

Resentment over these deaths is another sign of the times. Abuses that were tolerated a few years ago occasion sharp protests in these days when humbuggery and oppression are less popular than ever.

A Congressional investigation may be depended on to accomplish

nothing definite in the way of relief. The grip of the plunderbund is too powerful on the nation. Our government, in these times of sueprlative plutocratic rule, is, as a European economist said, a "business men's committee" and it looks only after the interests of the favored few. What are the lives of aviators to dividend-clippers—or the lives of workers in hazardous occupations and mothers and babes in tenements?

The Mitchell probe of aircraft, concluding with Mitchell's demotion to a colonelcy, is a sample of how Congress "investigates." The furious suppression of the heart-rending facts exposed by Senator Watson in 1921 about military executions overseas without court-martials, is another instance.

In spite of the fact that the real rulers of the nation are at present able to emasculate any investigation, some startling things may be exhumed in the coming session. And they may have a powerful bearing on public sentiment in 1928.

"Coolidge economy," so some trustworthy people declare, has reduced aviation equipment to a condition dangerous to the life of aerial navigators in the government service. Both Army and Navy fliers, including members of the Marine Corps, have been obliged to use unsafe and out-of-date machines.

Inadequate rations in the Army was a charge made in the last Congress. Complaints about prison conditions are as regular as a clock and usually well-founded. Reports about filth, degeneracy and insufficient food at the United States Disciplinary Barracks at Fort Jay on Govérnors Island, New York Harbor, have just been received here. The appropriation for Army eatables was increased in the last session but it is doubtful if imprisoned soldiers experience any benefits from the added expenditure. Housing conditions in Army posts are wretched as usual. Soldiers have come to regard this as a normal state of affairs. The favoritism which Senator Watson denounced is still rampant. A Captain from a western post recently brought his wife to Walter Reed Hospital for treatment. Conversing with the writer, he remarked, "Nobody can get decent attention there who ranks lower than a Colonel!"

* * * * *

Calvin Coolidge will, in all human probability, be the Republican candidate for the Presidency again in 1928. Wall Street sees no point in abandoning a faithful servant when its control is so firmly established and it is accomplishing so many desired things with such ease. The American empire is developing too handsomely for the average

captain of industry or czar of finance to take kindly to changing Presidents.

As for the Roman Catholic Church, who could better serve it than "Silent Cal"? "Al" Smith himself could not have used the power and prestige of the American government against Mexico's semi-labor Presdient more effectively than Coolidge has used them. In some respects Coolidge is fully as satisfactory to Rome as Smith for Coolidge is a Protestant. When he heckles Calles, many Protestants acquiesce. If Smith did the same thing, they would object. A Protestant President who does the will of the Vatican in trying to help restore priestly slavery in the land of Hidalgo and Juarez, is a better tool for the Vatican than an avowed Catholic.

Of course, Catholics will still attempt to nominate Smith on the Democratic ticket. But they are not going to feel badly if Coolidge stays in office.

The Democratic Party is in its dotage. Another furious wrangle is quite to be expected in the national convention and it is a reasonably safe guess that neither Smith nor McAdoo will be nominated. As in 1924, a "dark horse" will doubtless be named—some "respectable," colorless, inoffensive Democrat who has no personal enemies but who could be trusted by Wall Street and the Vatican in an emergency.

Since the Democratic Party can never hope to rival the Republican Party as the 100% efficient party of capitalism, imperalism and militarism, Wall Street will still back the G. O. P., although prudently contributing a small handout to the Democratic campaign fun, too.

Coolidge will probably win again in 1928. Probably—but not necessarily. Many things may happen before election day. There will undoubtedly be a powerful labor or farmer-labor party in the field and that party may run second. The decadent Democratic Party is more than likely to come in third. After the election it bids fair to go the way of the old Whig Party.

If Coolidge should be re-elected in 1928 and a third party jump to second place, let the parasites tremble in 1932!

THE SONG OF THE BARROOM

By THOS. E. WATSON

Alive, let us live. Where is yesterday? Lost forever. Where is tomorrow? It may never come. Today is here. Within its fleeting hours runs the only certainty that you will ever know. Come! Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow you die!

The chains of self-restraint are galling—throw them off! The burden of duty is grievous—fling it down! The cross of responsibility is crushing—let another bear it! Live for yourself; live for the now; live for the lust of living.

Drink! And forget dull care! And ease the heartache. Drink! And drown the passion of the unattainble.

See how men are drawn to me! My lights blaze a brilliant welcome; I am never too hot nor too cold. Mirrored vanity smirks in my gilded reflectors; and no one is ill at ease in my free-for-all club. No shrewish wife can tongue lash you here; no peevish child annoy you with its cries. Leave to them the ugliness of your haggard home, and come unto me for comfort. Theirs, the cold and gloom and the lonely vigil—yours, the warmth and glow and social joy.

Clink your glasses, men! Drink again. "Here's hoping." 'Tis well to toast her here where begins the trail to the grave of hope. Be jolly; let the place ring with laughter; relate the newest story—the story that matches the nude pictures on the wall.

What's that? A dispute, angry oaths, a violent quarrel, the crash of overturned chairs, the gleam of steel, the flash of guns, the stream of life blood, the groans of dying men?

Oh, well, it might have happened anywhere. The hearts of mothers and fathers I wrench with pain; the souls of wives I darken with woe. I smite the mansion, and there are wounds that gold can not salve; the hut I invade, and poverty sinks into deeper pits.

I sow, and I till, and I reap where I sow, and my harvest—is what?

Men so brutalized that all of humanity is lost, save the physical shape—men reeking with moral filth, stony of heart, bestial in vice—men who hear the name of God with a wrathful stare or a burst of scornful mirth—men who listen to the death rattle of any victim of their greed or their lust without a sign of pity.

And the women, too! How can I fitly sing of the woman of my harvest time? Did you ever hear her laugh? It must be the favorite music of the damned. Did you ever hear her ribald talk? The very sewers might shrink at bearing it

(Continued on Page 206)

The Watsonian

"Not until tyrants have found a way to kill justice and to chain the thoughts of men will they ever be able to put bad laws where they are safe for the future."—Thos. E. Watson.

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Editorial Notes

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JEFFERSONIAN DEMOCRACY:

Thomas E. Watson was an advocate of Thomas Jefferson. He named his magazine and weekly paper "The Jeffersonian."* We have dedicated this publication to the preservation of these democratic principles.

Let us remember that these principles now championed by what is the present Democratic party were, in the times of Mr. Jefferson the principles held by the so-called Republican party of that day and the present Republican party is what was then the Federal party.

Recently Dr. Butler, president of Columbia University, made a speech on Thomas Jefferson concerning which the New York Times commented as follows:

Starting out with the proposition that there is nothing by which to distinguish one political party from another, President Butler proceeds to claim Thomas Jefferson for the Republicans. If the Democratic National Committee will now issue an appeal to the country to rally around the principles of Theodore Roosevelt the picture will be complete.

These comments were elicited by that portion of Dr. Butler's address which follows:

Hamilton's work is done. Is Jefferson's work done? Are the American people, despite their lip service, really following the teachings of Thomas Jefferson? Are they really understanding what he meant and are they stirred by his personality and his words to carry those teachings into action? I wonder.

Thomas Jefferson is even more important in 1927 than he was in 1787. His standard is the standard to which the wise and just may repair. He said, in his first inaugural, "we are all federalists, we are all republicans." Those are his own words. We are all Federalists, we are all Republicans, but only usefully so on condition that we are all Jeffersonians.

Dr. Butler himself recognizes

*As previously stated our magazine would continue as The Jeffersonian had not it been denied the privileges of the mail on account of Mr. Watson's position on the war issue.

the worth of Jeffersonian principles and as the New York Times says, "proceeds to claim Thomas Jefferson for the Republicans."

That means for the republicans of today, which is what it advocates, is far from what Jefferson set forth as "essential principles of government."

Mr. Watson himself in his matchless book "Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson,' gives in full the inaugural address of Jefferson from which Dr. Butler quotes so sparingly.

We wish to quote more liberally from this same address giving the principles which Jefferson himself called "the bright constellation which has gone before us and guided our footsteps," together with his directions telling us what to do in case "we wander from" these eternal principles. Mr. Jefferson said:

About to enter, fellow citizens upon the exercise of duties which comprehend everything dear and valuable to you, it is proper you should understand what I deem the essential principles of our government, and consequently, those which ought to shape its administration. I will compress them within the narrowest compass they will bear, stating the general principle, but not all its limitations. Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political; peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none; the support of the State governments in all their rights, as the most competent administrations for our domestic concern, and the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies; the preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigor, as the sheet-anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad; a jealous care of the right of election by the people, a mild and safe corrective of abuses which are lopped by the sword of revolution where peaceable remedies are unprovided; absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism; a well-disciplined militia, our best reliance in peace, and for the first moments of war, till regulars may relieve them; the supremacy of the civil over the military authority; economy in the public expense, that labor may be lightly burdened; the honest payment of our debts, and sacred preservation of the public faith; encouragement of agriculture, and of commerce as its handmaid; the diffusion of information, and arraignment of all abuses at the bar of the public reason; freedom of religion, freedom of the press, and freedom of person, under the protection of the habeas corpus, and the trial by juries impartially selected. These principles form the bright constellation which has gone before us and guided our steps through an age of revolution and reformation. The wisdom of our sages and blood of our heroes have been devoted to their attainment; they should be the creed of our political faith, the text of civic instruction, the touchstone by which to try the services of those we trust; and should we wander from them in moments of error or of alarm, let us hasten to retrace our steps, and to regain the road which alone leads to peace, liberty, and safety.

It is up to Dr. Butler to see how far the Republican party of today has wandered away from Thomas

Jefferson's principles of government.

* * *

THE FLOOD:

Doubtless has there ever been a more heartrending catastrophe than the overflow of the Mississippi.

All are doing their bit to help the unfortunate who were made homeless. People all over the United States have responded to the call of the Red Cross and other similar institutions and the help is very much appreciated not only by the refugees but by everyone in the whole Southland. A more brotherly spirit has never been manifested by the various sections of our nation. But after all has relief been given to more than one-fourth of the sufferers?

There should be a government **Relief Fund**, controlled by certain officials at Washington which could step in and take charge of such calamities as those experienced along the banks of the Mississippi. Too much time is lost when relief depends on donations from the public. Too much is lost in overhead when such relief duties fall on the shoulder of inexperienced charity institution.

Therefore, let us hope that the next Congress will establish a fund that will bring relief immediately to unfortunate people who hereafter may be victims of floods, earthquakes, fires, etc.

FROM THE VATICAN:

A report from "holy see" at Rome states that by reasons of her principles of remaining absolutely aloof from contests in political circles of every country she is unconcerned as to the Al Smith candidacy.

How the Pope can make such a statement as this we can not understand. Surely he does not expect the free-thinking American people to believe such a communication.

The truth is that the Vatican is coming to look more and more toward America as the Catholic stronghold. The wonderful strides of the church in the United States has not only been a source of keen gratification to the Pope, but has led the curia to believe that the New World offers more possibilities than the old.

But the "holy see" would have we "**intolerant bigots**" believe differently.

* * *

MILK FOR HEALTH:

Much is being said over Georgia in what is known as a **Milk for Health Campaign.** No better campaign could be launched as **Good Milk** is one of our very best foods but this question arises in our mind—Is all milk **Good Milk?**

Any chemist will tell you that milk furnishes an excellent place for breeding of many germs. It is a splendid conductor for tubercular and fever germs. Many

fever epidemics have been traced to milk as well as hundreds of cases of tuberculosis.

There is a current opinion that pasteurized milk is pure milk; also there is an idea among many that pasturization kills vitamines in milk which are very necessary in a milk diet. It is unfortunate that these beliefs exist.

Pasteurized milk, unless properly pasteurized is ten times worse than raw milk. If the pasteuriser is not operated correctly and kept perfectly sanitary then much harm is done by pasteurizing. When one buys pasteurized milk they should be satisfied as to the **method of pasteurization.**

As to the pasteurization killing certain vitamines, this fact has not been proven, but if the vitamine some chemists claim is killed they are easily obtainable in oranges, cabbage, etc.

To the writer's mind **good milk** is this:

1. Milk from a thoroughly tested and examined herd, handled in a sanitary dairy by sanitary persons.
2. A bacteria count below 10,000.
3. Proper pasteurization.

This gives you Grade A pasteurized milk.

* * *

FREE SCHOOL BOOKS:

The Georgia Legislature will meet within the next few weeks in its regular biennial session. There will be many ways in which it can improve the laws of our state but there is nothing it could do better than to give to the school children of Georgia **"Free School Books."** We have a law which forces our children to attend school between the ages of six and fourteen and yet we allow them to be robbed by the **Book Trust.**

There has been before the legislature several times a free school book bill. The proponents of the measure furnished proof which showed beyond a doubt just how the book trust was holding up the people of Georgia. A comparison of prices charged in this state with prices charged in a state furnishing free school books is enough to convince any unbiased legislature why he or she should vote for free school books.

Then why do we not have such a law. **Lobby! Lobby! Lobby!** The lobby that the book trust sends to our capitol makes the Coca-Cola Lobby, the Fertilizer Lobby, the Money Shark Lobby, the Soft Drink Lobby and the many others look like mere infants.

Thos. E. Watson elected a Governor who had in his platform a plank pledging Free School Books. Two years later Mr. Watson defeated this Governor and one of his reasons for doing so was that he (the Governor) did not carry

out his promise in fighting for a Free School Book Law.

Before the Georgia Legislature adjourns this session we hope there will have been enough real legislators who bucked the book trust lobby and assured free school books to the people of Georgia.

* * *

DUCK FITS:

When we read the current press comments concerning "the farmers trekking to town" as the Literary Digest puts it, there comes a broad smile on our face as we think of these duck fits being thrown by the swivel-back editorial writers on the farm situation. They know as much about the real cause of the movement as some state legislatures do about evolution. In fact, it might be better described by giving personal experiences. Recently there came a nice little two by four folder to our desk which bore an attractive inscription "SEE INSIDE WHAT MEN KNOW ABOUT WOMEN." On opening the folder we found it absolutely blank. Well, this is just all these editorial writers know about the subject or they are intentionally raising a needless alarm over a perfectly justifiable movement. The Digest says, "As a result Secretary of Agriculture Jardine predicts that the price of food to the consumer will go up unless the trend reverses itself."

For God's sake isn't this the very thing we have been trying to bring about? Why was all the furore in Congress over the agriculture situation, if it was not to better the condition of the farmer? And will not the higher prices of food which Sec. Jardine deplores bring about these better conditions for our farmer? We are standing firmly on the Democratic principles enunciated by Jefferson that this is a free country, so long as one's personal freedom does not intrude on the rights of fellow-man. For the life of us we can not see how this movement violates any written or implied principles laid down by a free government. When Bill Jones on the farm faces a mere existence with limited opportunities for himself and family and sees how a "trekking to town" will allow him to participate in better condition generally, we are not going to throw any duckfits but with a hand on his shoulder and a "God bless you" on our lips we will say "GO TO IT, BILL." Everyone that leaves the farm changes to a consumer and the effect is increased prices of the farmer's products. So mote it be. The Alarmist may raise up on his hind legs and "holler" like a wild coyote exclaiming "but we will soon be forced to import our food

and thus patronize foreign countries which produce food cheap and thus we will ruin the American farmer because he has a higher standard of living than the pauperized labor of foreign countries. We admit this, but we have a very effective remedy for this ailment. Where is the tariff? We are told that this tariff makes us pay $4.25 for a pair of shoes in the United States, which we can go across the Canadian line and buy for $2.25. "What is sauce for the Goose should be sauce for the Gander."

It does not matter how much is said by the alarmist, the farmer will continue to "trek" to town if their conditions can be improved and will stay there until conditions are reversed. Then the "trekking" will be reversed. This is just as natural as it is for smoke to go upward or for boys to be the victims of measles, mumps, whooping cough, a ravenous appetite, and puppy loves.

THE SONG OF THE BARROOM

(Continued From Page 201)

away. Have you ever heard her libidinous songs? Did you ever watch her eyes —those defiant, mocking, hopeless, shameless eyes?

What warriors have I not vanquished? What statesmen have I not laid low? How many a Burns and Poe have I not dragged down from ethereal heights? How many a Sidney Carton have I not made to weep for a wasted life? How many times have I caused the ermine to be drawn through the mud?

Strong am I—irresistibly strong.

Samson-like, I strain at the foundations of character; and they come toppling down in irremediable ruin. I am the cancer, beautiful to behold and eating my remorseless way into the vitals of the world. I am the pestilence, stalking my victims to the cottage door and the palace gate. No respecter of persons, I gloat over richly garbed victims no more than over the man of the blouse.

The church, I empty it; the jail, I fill it; the gallows, I feed it. From me and my blazing lights run straight the dark roads to the slums, to the prisons, to the bread lines, to the madhouse, to the Potter's Field.

I undo the work of the school. I cut the ground from under law and order. I'm the seedbed of poverty, vice, and crime. I'm the leper who buys toleration and who has not to cry "unclean!" I'm the licensed ally of sin. I buy from the State the right to lay dynamite under its foundations. For a price they give me the right to nullify the work of lawmakers, magistrates, and rulers. For a handful of

gold I am granted letters of marque to sail every human sea and prey upon its lifeboats.

Huge battleships they build, casing them triply with hardened steel; and huge guns they mount on these floating ramparts until a file of dreadnaughts line the coast—for what? To be ready for perils that may never come. But I give them a pitiful purse; and, in return, they issue to me the lawful right to unmask my batteries on every square and my guns play upon humanity every day and every night of every year. And were my destroyers spread out upon the sea they would cover the face thereof.

Around that grief-bowed woman I threw the weeds of widowhood—but I paid for the chance to do it; and they who took my money knew that I would do it.

To the lips of that desolate child I brought the wail of the orphan—but I bought the right to do it; and they who sold me the right knew what would come of it.

Yes! I inflamed the murderer; I maddened the suicide! I made a brute of the husband; I made a diabolical hag out of the once beautiful girl; I made a criminal out of the once promising boy; I replaced sobriety and comfort by drunkenness and pauperism—but don't blame me; blame those from whom I purchased the legal right to do it.

No Roman emperor ever dragged at his chariot wheels on the day of his triumphs such multitudes of captives as grace my train. Hamerlane's marches of devastation were as naught beside my steady advance over the conquered millions. The Caesars and the Attilas come and go—comets whose advent means death and destruction for a season; but I go on forever, and I take my ghastly toll from all that come to mill.

In civilization's ocean I am the builder of the coral reef on which the ship goes down; of its citadel I'm the traitor who lets the enemy in; of its progress I'm the fetter and the clog; of its heaven I'm the hell.

ROMAN CATHOLIC HIERARCHY

BY

THOS. E. WATSON

CHAPTER IV.

Why the Christian religion never amounted to anything in Jerusalem and Judea; Fortitude of the Jews in maintaining the faith of their fathers; How popery crept into the Christian religion; A supreme pope, or pontiff, a part of the paganism practised in Rome.

Why was it that the Christian religion never amounted to anything much in Jerusalem and Judea? This question will probably give you quite a shock—and it should give rise to some serious thinking. Christ was a Jew; his disciples were Jews; his life-work and death occurred among the Jews; his preaching was heard and his miracles were seen by the Jews: yet his religion took no root among his own people and in his own country. Why was this? Why was it that Christianity did not spread and become an important factor in the world's history, until it invaded the important provinces of the Roman Empire and wedded itself to customs which were a part of the national life of the Gentile?

The Nazarenes, the original church at Jerusalem, endeavored to reconcile the Law of Moses with the Gospel of Christ. The effort was a complete failure. The great body of the Hebrew race refused to acknowledge Christ as the promised Messiah; and it was not very long, historically speaking, before the Christian churches repudiated the law of Moses. After languishing for about one hundred years, Christianity practically died out in the place of its birth; and whenever the Jewish faith was supplanted, it was Mahomet who took the place of Moses. Even now, the Christian worships in Jerusalem by the grace of the Mussulman; and the Turkish soldier keeps guard, day and night, to prevent the rival sects of Christians from cutting each other's throats.

No one can fail to admire the magnificent fortitude with which the Jews have withstood all kinds of persecution and maintained the simplicity of the faith of their fathers. One of the most heroic episodes in ancient history was the spontaneous uprising of the Hebrew race against the Roman Emperor, Caligula, when the all-powerful ruler of the then known world demanded that a statue of himself be placed in the Temple at Jerusalem. Instantaneously the Jews flew to arms as one man, resolved to suffer extermination rather than

have their place of worship defiled by an image. What might the world have been today, had this indomitable race accepted Christ, acquired the missionary spirit, and carried the beautiful simplicity of the Christian religion into the Gentile world, maintaining throughout the ages the uncompromising determination to resist paganism and idolatry!

Let us consider the supreme importance of *locality and custom.* Why was the church at Alexandria the most powerful and influential of any in Egypt? Because something of the political and commercial supremacy which this city then enjoyed imparted itself to the Alexandrian church. The larger the city, the greater the wealth, power, and privilege of the bishop. In the nature of things, this was necessarily so, as you will realize if you reflect about it. Thus, the church at Antioch predominated over all the churches in the region round about, simply because Antioch was the predominatn political and commercial center.

When the Egyptian became a convert to our religion, do you suppose he dropped all his national customs and superstitions? Do you suppose that he shed, in the twinkling of an eye, the habits and beliefs that had come down to him from a remote ancestry? It cannot have been so—human nature isn't built that way. Had Mark Antony fought on land instead of on sea at Actium; had he won the sceptre of the Empire and made Alexandria its capital, as he intended, I haven't the slightest doubt that the Catholic Hierarchy of today would be upholding, as canonical, many of the mystic rites that were practised by the Egyptian priests in the temple of the Nile; that the ibis would be considered a sacred bird, and that it would be a mortal sin to kill a cat.

At the time when that beautiful and wondrously gifted young woman, Hypatia, was torn limb from limb in the streets of Alexandria by the fanatical followers of Bishop Cyril, for no other reason than that she was teaching the ancient philosophy of Greece, there can be no reasonable doubt that the Catholic priests had introduced into Christ's religion much else that was unchristian besides murderous persecution.

Let this train of thought lead us to Rome, the Mistress of the World, and it will be perfectly easy to understand how paganism and popery crept into the Christian religion. Let us bear in mind that the Bible itself confutes the idea that there was any primacy among the apostles. No superiority or infallibility was claimed by any of them.

The New Testament shows that equal powers were conferred upon

all the disciples; and there is abundant evidence that the congregations ruled the churches for genertations after the crucifixion of Christ. The word "Bishop," as used in the New Testament, is synonymous with "preacher" and implies no ecclesiastical power and privilege. We are expressly told that disputes amogn the brethren are not to be referred to any pope or priest, but that the good offices of two or three members of the church are first to be resorted to; and, in case of the failure of this effort at reconciliation, the trouble is to be referred for final settlement to the congregation—not to any bishop, presbyter, or pope. To any mind that has not been warped by priestly education, this ought to be convincing.

There is another argument against the pope's pretensions that ought to be conclusive: the New Testament wasn't put together until 363 years ager Christ; *and if there had been any popedom, either in doctrine or in practice, at that time, it would have found its way into the gospels.*

Bear in mind, also, that the Emperor Constantine sent out a summons to the Christian bishops to meet in general council at Niclba. History tells us that they all met on a footing of absolute equality. No pope appeared, any more than a pope appeared at the first council in Jerusalem. The Apostle James presided over the first council, and Peter was present as a member on the floor. The Emperor Constantine virtually presided over the Nicaean Council, and no bishop claimed prerogatives as successor of Peter. Thus we have indubitable evidence, both in the Bible and out of it, that there was no popery on earth at the time the New Testament, as we now have it, was constituted. (The reader must understand that there were twenty-two spurious gospels in circulaion, and that one of the main reasons for the convening of the council of Laodicea, about A. D. 363, was to sift the wheat from the chaff. Those gospels and letters which you now find in the New Testament were adopted as authoritative and canonical. The twenty-two rejected gospels can even now be read in book form, the title being, "The Apocriphal New Testament.")

Having been the capital of the Roman Empire, the very name of Rome exerted an immense influence throughout the world. The Legions of Rome had made her name a terror to her enemies—an inspiration to her friends. The fleets of Rome had fought on every sea. "All roads lead to Rome" was a literal truism when the saying became common throughout the Empire. Her science and art, her laws, her taxes, her stern discipline, had been felt wherever the footprint of the Roman soldier had been made. Around the proudest of kings, the Roman envoy had drawn a line with his staff of office and had said imperiously, "Don't leave that circle until you have answered

the demands of Rome." *"Civis Romanus Sum"*—"I am a Roman citizen"—was the cry which, in the most distant province, was expected to shield the humblest Roman from wrong.

Into this world-known city, came Paul, to plant the banner of Christ. There is not a shred of historical evidence that Peter was ever in Rome. There is internal evidence in the New Testament that Peter had nothing to do with the founding of the church in Italy.

The Gospel of Christ was a bugle-call to a weary world when it was first proclaimed among the Gentiles. The Christians lived their religion and thus rebuked the pride, the avarice, and the corruption of the times. They promised a life beyond the grave to those who inherited the fear of death. They preached equality and brotherhood, to those who were tired of being trampled upon. To those who had believed in Venus and Cupid, there was nothing strange in Mary and her Son. Their great poet, Virgil, had, some forty years before, predicted the birth of a son to the Roman God, Jupiter; and the Roman poet had sung beautifully of the advent of this miraculously born human child into the world. Consequently, the spread of our religion at Rome was rapid. Persecution could not check it. Men and women who died for their faith preached the most powerful sermons in its favor—for at that time decadent Roman pagans were not willing to die for an idea or a creed.

But can you not see how the overshadowing dignity of the city of Rome would impart itself insensibly to the Church of Rome? A decisive historical fact is that the entire Roman Empire had, for centuries, been trained to look to the Eternal City as the central seat of authority, both in government and in religion.

In the paganism which was practised among the Romans there was a supreme pope, or pontiff, whose residence was in the city of Rome. According to tradition, this pope had been set up by Numa about seven hundred years before Christ, and thus the institution of popery was as familiar and as acceptable to the Roman people, as were the augurs, the vestals, and the temples themselves. The emperor was also the pope, uniting in his person the supreme authority in both Church and State.

Is it difficult for you to realize how the historic facts of the case lent themselves to priestly encroachment and to pagan innovation? Do you not see how natural it was that the Bishop of Rome should bulk more largely upon the horizon of the Roman world than the Bishop of Corinth or of Thessalonica; and will you be surprised to learn that, when the seat of empire was removed to Constantinople and the person of the emperor was no longer present to overshadow

the Bishop of Rome, the latter should wax in power and importance?

The European part of the Roman Empire never took kindly to the removal of the capital to the East. The very name of Rome was embedded in whatever was left of European patriotism. The grandeurs and the glories of Roman history could not be dissassociated from the name. Consequently when the Emperor moved away to the Bosphorus, and gave his own name to the new capital of the Empire, the disaffection which, in after years, was to sever the Roman world into two parts, began to be felt; and the Bishop of Rome, remaining in the venerable city as the sole visible exponent of authority, was the logical recipient of the legacy of the ages—the fear, he respect, the attachment which the Roman world had been accustomed to feel for Rome. Constantine could transport to his new city the eagles, the treasures, the seat of authority: what was material he could move because his will was law: the sentimental he could not remove or destroy,—the reverence for Father Tiber; for the Mistress of the World, seated upon her Seven Hills; for the ancient religion; for the fame of the great men of the Empire; for the glorious battles which the Roman soldier had won in every portion of the known globe:—these could not be transported to the Hellespont.

These were in men's minds and hearts; these were in literature an din art, in poesy and song; these clung to Rome; and, when the Latin people embraced the faith of Christ, we can very well understand how they would, in the course of time, accept the idea of a pope; and how they would carry into the new religion the ancient pagan rites which they had inherited from their remotest ancestors.

SHORT TALKS TO YOUNG MEN

A LITTLE MORE DISCOURSE ON TABLE MANNERS

BY

THOS. E. WATSON

We are still at the table, mind you:

Never ask for something that is not on the board—unless the host suggests it. In that case you may. Of course, there is no impropriety in asking for a glass of water, hot or cold. The host is supposed to have the water; therefore, you could not possibly cause him embarassment by making the request. But suppose you wish for syrup, or cheese, or milk, when the host had none! Think how your reqeust would make him feel.

Never pick about, with your fork, turning over pieces of meat or fowl on the dish, in the hunt for a choice portion. Make your selection with your eye, and then aim at it with the fork!

If the host is serving and asks you what part of the fowl you prefer, it is *allowable* to name your preference; but I think it is the more correct form to leave the choice to the host. If the dish comes to *you,* however, you'd be silly not to select what you want, provided, you don't have to turn your fork into a search-warrant to find it.

When the host inquires whether you will have a slice of ham, or roast beef, or mutton, don't qualify your affirmative answer, in any way. Say, "Yes;" or, "No." To add, "I'll take a part of a piece;" or, "Give me a small piece," is a reflection on the host, who is to be presumed to know how to serve the plates of his guests.

Commence to eat when the host does, or when he invites you to begin. To fall to, earlier, is not proper. The old rule that *he* must eat as long as *you* do, had no sense in it: therefore, "finish your dinner," according to your own appetite. You are not fedeing *his* worms: you are nourishing your own.

If a morsel of food should "go the wrong way," and you should have to leave the table to cough it up, don't apologize on your return. If your companions are well-bred, they will appear unconscious of your ill luck. Be extremely cautious in eating fish, birds, chicken, duck, turkey, etc., where there are bones to remove. *Deaths from these are fearfully numerous.*

Your *host* may put two or three slices of meat, or serve several pieces of fowl on your plate; but *you* must not. One piece at a time, Algernon!

And don't help yourself more than twice to the same thing. Nor must your plate be piled with too much at once.

Generally, the bread is to lie beside the plate, but not on it. Cake is an exception—in fact, all sorts of cakes, such as pancakes, waffles, slap-jacks, etc.

Hard-boiled eggs you can peel, anyway that suits you, seeing that you are the person who will suffer. But when it comes to soft-boiled eggs (boiled one minute and a half, please!) you must empty the contents of the shell into a tumbler, or cup. Hold the egg in one hand, smite it smartly with the edge of the spoon or knife, starting a crack in the shell. Then use both hands on Sir Egg —holding him over the tumbler, as you exert a gentle pressure to widen that gap in the shell.

If a fly should fall into your soup, or rice, or milk, don't should, "Police!" or, "Fire!" Just remain quiet, discontinue the use of the plate or cup, and the watchful host will soon see what has happened. The tainted food or vessel will be removed, and its place supplied by another.

Never comment on the entertainment while it is unfinished. The host will give the signal for rising, after which you may pay your respects to the hostess, complimenting her in low tones on the repast, and expressing appreciation of the pleasures received. Be careful not to *overdo this* and be *brief* as well as cordial.

Don't partake of dishes that you do not like; and stop eating when you have had enough. The hospitable host, and the housewife who takes an honest pride in her table, may urge you, and may be disappointed because of your apparent lack of appetite; but do not be so weak as to continue, when you *know* you ought to stop.

The withdrawal of Georgia from the Union was probably due to the fact that *one man, at one meal,* overate himself! It was Herschel V. Johnson, at the Milledgeville convention, in 1861.

Let me tell you one myself:

In 1892, when fighting the world, the flesh and the Devil, I used to breathe a sigh of relief, upon reaching the home of Captain John T. Lingo, in Dinkinson County.

He and his good wife were always *so* glad to see me, and were so indescribably kind, that I felt quite at home with them.

Neighbor to the Lingos, was Captain J. A. Mason—one of the finest old chaps you ever saw. A great fisherman he was, in those days; and whenever he'd hear that I was coming, he would take himself off to the river and catch some trout for my breakfast, next morning.

Well, when I've got to make a speech—say at 10 o'clock in the morning—I do not eat breakfast. To eat spoils the speech. Now, see what a fix I was in—a regular pickle, as you might call it.

There was the tempting trout, on Captain Lingo's breakfast table, looking good, smelling better, and *caught and cooked especially for me! And* there were the Captain and old Mrs. Lingo, saying, entreatingly—

"Now, Mr. Watson, you just must eat some of the fish. Captain Mason took the trouble, etc. His feelings will be dreadfully hurt, etc."

I'll leave it to you—what *could* I do but cram on those fish?

In went the trout; out went the speech. Twice or three times I tried to be eloquent on a belly-ful of fish and I made a failure each time.

* * * * *

To show you how unwise it is to make any remarks at the table, about the victuals, I will tell you a little story:

Smart young Aleck was dining in a large company, at a boarding house kept by a lady. He thought to show off before the others. Said he, out loud—

"This is a fine dinner; *what there is of it.*"

The landlady bridled up, and exclaimed quite tartly—

"What's that you said, Sir?

The fellow got frightened, and began to stammer—

"I—I—I mean that there is plenty of it, *such as it is!*"

At table, you should talk as much as you like, provided you give others a chance.

Avoid disagreeable topics: don't mention surgical operations, dental doings, recent deaths, etc. Save in family, informal dinners, don't talk business of any kind. Try to be pleased, and pleasing. Don't start up a private conversation with a fellow-guest. Don't interrupt another, nor contradict him, *nor correct him.* No matter what mistakes he commits, it's not polite to speak of it *in company.*

FROM THE PRESS

PUBLISHER CLAIMS SENATOR WATSON FATHER OF R. F. D.

Atlanta, Ga., May 2.—The late U. S. Senator Thos. E. Watson was the father of Rural Free Delivery in the United States, and not Perry S. Heath, who died in Washington, D. C., recently, according to a statement made public here today by Walter J. Brown, manager of the Tom Watson Book Company, of Thomson, Ga.

"Without desiring to take any credit due Mr. Heath for his splendid work in perfecting the rural free delivery system, it must be stated that he is not the father of the R. F. D.," declared Mr. Brown. "Senator Watson undoubtedly is the father of the legislation, because he was the author of the resolution which gave funds for Mr. Heath to use in his experimental work."

Mr. Brown furnished the following statement:

"When the general postoffice bill, which carried all the appropriations for the postoffice department, was on the floor of the lower house, Senator Watson introduced a resolution appropriating $10,000 for experimenting on a system to give rural people free delivery of mail.

"When the resolution was introduced by Mr. Watson it was laughed at as being rediculous and absurd. The senator, however, knew differently and in determined manner placed the house on notice that unless the resolution was considered he would stake a filibuster.

"The house leaders, seeing the danger of having the mail bill involved, decided to accept the resolution and it was incorporated in the general postoffice bill. And there was the first appropriation ever given for rural free delivery of mails."

Senate Records Quoted

Mr. Brown quoted from the congressional record on the Senate memorial services to Senator Watson, in which Senator Ladd of North Dakota made the following statement:

"One of his (Senator Watson's) outstanding achievements in behalf of the farmers of the nation was in securing the first appropriation in congress for Rural Free Delivery. The 44,405 rural mail carirers, who daily are serving the 29,774,516 citizens of the United States are living monuments to his foresight and interest in the people in the rural sections of the country, and as a result of the success of the rural system in America thousands of Canadian families are today enjoying the blessing of his efforts in this respect."

Mr. Brown also quoted Congressman Charles F. Crisp, of Georgia, in the house memorial services who said:

"During this congress, 1891-1892, he (Congressman Watson) introduced a resolution making an appropriation for establishment of the rural mail service in this country, thus becoming the father of this great government service which has been of incalculable benefit to the rural communities of the United States.—Pensacola (Fla.) News.

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Al Smith's Catholic creed, manufactured by Al himself, may be good bait for some but he will never hook the voters of the South and West with it.—Butler (Ga.) Herald.

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RELIGION AND MEXICO.

President Calles of Mexico, through political skill or luck, has been able to introduce the religious element into both Mexican and American politics. By confusing the issue of confiscation

of property with that of religion, he has succeeded to a certain extent in splitting into two camps those who oppose the Roman Catholic Church and those who sympathize with it, and committing them at the satme time for or against his other programs.

There has not been, in recent history, a better illustration of the consequences of injecting religion into affairs of state. It has confused the decisions of the governments of both Mexico and the United States, and caused the people to regard any action with suspicion. Worse: in both countries opinion has been directed away from national interest, international justice, and fair play, and focused on religion.

Strangely enough, we in the United States who live and work together successfully regardless of who is Jew or Gentile, Protestant or Catholic, have been led into partisanship over Mexican affairs, and it has been seriously proposed that the United States deal with Mexico, on the basis not of what Mexico may do to Americans, but of what it may do to Mexicans with respect to their religious beliefs.

When our country was founded, our forefathers, who seem in retrospect wiser than we, had only recently come from Europe, which for centuries had been torn by religious hatreds. In the name of the same God, the Europeans had burned one another, tortured, ravished, disemboweled, impaled on sharp sticks, and loosed wild beasts upon one another.

Many of our forefathers were not allied to any religion. They believed there was great danger that our nation would be torn apart if they allowed to take root here the religious hatreds that had torn Europe, made Spain and France and Germany slaughter pens, bred war and persecution in England, and caused the condition that inspired the Irish poet to sing:

Fightin' aich other for the sake of peace,
And hatin' aich other for the love of God.

They decided they did not want the nation that was created in the name of liberty broken up by religious dissension, and that the way to avoid it was to forbid the establishment of any state church. They provided that each individual should enjoy social and religious freedom, and that none might use the state to favor or repress any form of religious worship.

Now, after 150 years of greater or lesser tolerance, we have been led into a division along religious lines because of the troubles and the political scheming in another country.

Our advice to Americans is that we all adhere to the policy adopted by the founders of the Republic. We should disregard the religious aspect of the Mexican situation. We should regard the Mexican problem only in its commercial, industrial, and political aspects, as thse affect us.

If we stick to this line, we'll be wise.

"Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."—Stephen Decatur.

—Liberty Magazine.

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ROMAN CATHOLICISM AND AMERICAN PRINCIPLES

If the mannual of Christian doctrine published by John Joseph Hovey (Philadelphia, 1926), under the imprimatur of Archbishop, now Cardinal Dougherty, is the accepted teachings of the Roman Catholic church, we do not see how Gov. Smith, of New York, can be a true Catholic and at the same time subscribe to American constitutional principles. It seems to us that there

must be some mental reservations one way or the other.

It is said that this manual of Hovey's has run through forty-eight editions, is being used in Catholic high schools, and is taught to the children of many million citizens of the United States.

Below we publish some excerpts from this book. Read them and decide for yourself how they co-incide with the American principle of separation of church and state.

"In what order or respect is the state subordinate to the (Roman Catholic) church?—Answer: In the spiritual order and in all things referring to that order.

"What right has the pope in virtue of this supremacy?—Answer: The right to annul those laws or acts of government that would injure the salvation of souls or attack the natural rights of citizens.

"What more should the state do than respect the rights and liberty of the (Roman Catholic) church?—Answer: The state should also aid, protect and defend the church.

"What then is the principal obligation of heads of states?—Answer: Their principal obligation is to practice the Catholic religion, and as tney are in power, to protect and defend it.

"Has the state the right and the duty to prescribe schism or heresy—Answer: Yes, it has the right and duty to do so, both for the good of the nation and for that of the faithful themselves; for religious unity is the principal foundation of social unity.

"When may the state tolerate dissenting worships?—Answer: When these worships have acqiured a sort of legal existence consecrated by time and accorded by treaties and covenants.

"May the state separate itself from the (Roman Catholic) church?—Answer: No, for it may not withdraw from the supreme law of Christ.

"What name is given to the doctrine that the state has neither the right nor the duty to be united to the (Roman Catholic) church?—Answer: This is liberalism, it is founded principally on the fact that modern society rests on liberty of conscience and of worship and on liberty of speech and the press.

"Why is liberalism to be condemned?—Answer: Because it denies all subordination of the state to the (Roman Catholic) church." — Winder (Ga.) News.

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NEW EDITION OF WATSON BOOK.

Atlanta, Ga., May 3.—A new edition of the Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson, by Thos. E. Watson, has been placed on the market by the Tom Watson Book Company, of Thomson, Ga., according to announcement just made here. The lamented Senator Watson is the author of The Story of France, Napoleon, Waterloo, Bethany, Roman Catholic Hierarchy and other books.

"At this time when so many of that extraordinary group of men prominent in the formative days of the Nation are being made the subject of biography, it is especially appropriate that the vigorous and spirited account of Thomas Jefferson should once more be made available," said Walter J. Brown, manager of the Tom Watson Book Company. "The author, a Southerner, has quite naturally a different point of view from that of the New England writers, who have contributed so many histories on our shelves. The result is a book which not only is unusual but stimulating and highly informative."

Mr. Brown called attention to a statement of Mr. Watson in the Jeffersonian biography which reads as follows:

"I have made an earnest effort to deal fairly with the man, the facts, the

times, the different sections—his friends and enemies."

Mr. Brown says that every known source of information has been used—"the result is a vivid and dramatic story of one of the greatest characters in our history."

It was also pointed out by Mr. Brown that the recent newspaper controversy between Governor Al Smith, of New York, and Chas. G. Marshall relative to the history of the Catholic church and the creed of an American Catholic had caused an overwhelming demand for the writings of Mr. Watson on the subject. He said that Mr. Watson was one of the first authors to venture placing this issue before the American public.—McDuffie Progress, Thomson, Ga.

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TRYING TO PUT AL SMITH OVER.

A very determined effort is being made to put over the Democracy the candidacy of Governor Al Smith, of New York. Hardly a day passes but one sees some reference to him as a candidate for the nomination by the Democratic party. This in spite of the fact that the South is practically solid against him.

Some one has recently asked him some questions about his church affiliations and this gave him an opportunity of spouting some grandiloquent 'stuff about putting his country above everything else—pretty good campaign stuff. Now someone else is sure to write him another letter and ask him some questions about his position on the liquor question and he will take this opportunity to declare that he is just about as good a prohibitionist as any of us, though he favors letting each state handle this question in its own way. He will make it sound as good as did his religious propaganda.

But he will not fool the South. They will have none of him. He is known to be a wet, very wet. He has chosen this psoition with which to win the governorship in wet New York, and he will not be accepted as anything else but a wet by dry America.

If by any chance Smith should win the Democratic nomination he will split the party wide open. The South will not vote for him. Nominate Smith and kill the party. The South will no longer be solid.—Ocilla (Ga.) Star.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

WHAT'S WRONG?

Sirs:

There is one thing in my mind I can not keep from thinking and you hear it talked every day. WHAT IS WRONG WITH THE WORLD? As I see it, we need to get closer to God and do as Jesus told His disciples, to deny ourselves and take up our cross and follow Him.

We need good old fashion homes and not so many clubs, card parties and picture shows.

We don't need so many laws and amendments but men that will enforce and obey them. God wants men not with money, luxuries and styles, but men that are obedient and love to obey.

What is the matter with America?

We need some good old fashion religion, good old American homes. We must teach foreigners to obey the law of our land or they must be sent out of the country.

And if you hear anyone say the 18th amendment is a failure ask him how much liquor he drinks and what he is doing to help enforce the law.

Yours truly,

W. W. G.

Deland, Fla.

* * * * *

CARRY ON:

Dear Friends:

Please find enclosed one dollar bill for which enter my name on your subscription list for one year, and may the God of our fathers be with you to carry on.

Yours truly,

W. J. LEATH.

Menlo, Ga.

NOBLEST CHAMPION:

The Watsonian,
Thomson, Ga.
Dear Sirs:

I was and am yet a great admirer of Tom Watson and am willing to give the paper a trial. If it is half as good as the paper I took when he edited it, it is worth the money. I consider Mr. Watson the greatest man of his age and generation and his death was a public calamity. He has been surely missed and there has appeared no one to take his place. His place was unique in the era that he lived. The common people lost the **noblest champion** of that period of our time. In way-off Texas I felt the blow and mourned in common with many of his passing. His life was a constant warfare for the rights of the people and he died battling for their rights.

Will we ever have another Watson, if so it is high time for him to come to the front. Times are becoming worse and more perilous each year and the great talent of Watson is missed in the counsel of our nation. If it is given to those who have departed to the scenes of their life on earth he must weep as never a man wept to see whither we are drifting.

With personal best wishes to his granddaughter, I am,

Yours very truly,

A. J. STROBEL.

Chenango, Texas.

* * * * *

RED BLOODED CITIZENS:

The Watsonian,
Thomson, Ga.
Gentlemen:

I am enclosing herein one dollar as per card request, for your new publica-

tion and extend my very best wishes for your success and may you succeed in perpetuating the literary fame of your noted relative is the wish of an old friend; away up North Yankee but a great admirer of genius and talent wherever found.

We certainly need more real American publications and there are still some **red-blooded citizens** of this great Republic who are not in the groip of Rome and the Al Smith's. As I do not want to miss a single issue wil you kindly commence my subscription with the first number.

Very truly,
FRED CUNNINGHAM.
Troy, N. Y.

Ed. Note: We are sorry to advise our subscribers that all copies of the first two issues of The Watsonian have completely exhausted.

* * * * *

ANONYMOUS:

Alton, Ill.

The Tom Watson Book Co.,
Thomson, Ga.
Gentlemen:

I have been reading "The Watsonian" for the past few months. I desire to answer your editorial of the April issue. I am NOT a Catholic; I am of Southern birth; I am an American citizen and vote the Democratic ticket.

You say: "The Catholics denounce secular education and public schools—why? "Because under the papal system, the child is never to be permitted to do its own thinking." Is this only true of the Catholic Church? I dare say if you claim such, you have failed utterly in learning with honestly the principles of your own CHRISTIAN Church. I am not attempting to protect the Catholic Church, because I detest its very existence, as I do the balance of the intolerable bondage of Christendom! Your church in this respect is no better than the principles of Rome. No man, according to the Christian Bible is allowed to "think for himself." If he does, he is denounced as a heretic or an infidel. Christ himself said:

"But those mine enemies which would not that I should reign over them, bring hither and slay them before me."

This is your doctrine! Your creed! Your "tolerance"! This is quoted from the 19th chapter of St. Luke, 27th verse. I find in St. Mark, 16th chapter, 16th verse, such "tolerance" as this:

"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved: but he that believeth not shall be damned."

If this is tolerance, I have a misconception of that word. Every man down through every age of time has been burned at the stake of Creed if he entertained one thought in opposition to Christianity or over-stepped its scientific theory, and went into new lands and discovered contradicting FACTS! Have you ever read history?

You say that the Catholics make it impossible for their "children" to doubt. Do you believe a man should doubt your belief? You say they do not permit them to "read the other side." Do you permit your children to read Ingersoll, Paine, Voltaire? If they did, they would be educated. I was a Christian once, and as a Christian I was blind. I know what I was taught; that is why I changed. The good thing in my religion is, I can love all men regardless of whether he is Catholic or Protestant, black or white, rich or poor. Why don't you put down your sword of persecution, your weapon of intolerance, and pick up the wreath of love of comrade? By reading your paper I can readily see your withered brain and petrified heart. GOD IS LOVE! Do you believe in God?

I would not attempt to answer this if I were you, because it cannot be done by a BIGOT! In closing permit me to apologize if I have seemed rude, but this is done with the same style you have used against your brother CHRISTIANS—the Catholics. Wishing you success in all your honest endeavors, I am,

Very truly yours,
A READER.

Washington, D. C.

Ed. Note: We apologize for giving space to an anonymous communication.

This anonymous critic opens his gas attack by spouting what he is "not." He says, "I am not a Catholic" (this statement we doubt). Let us analyze his letter and see what else he is "not." He certainly is not a Bible scholar for he quotes Luke 19:27 as the Protestant's creed and sarcastically set it up as the Protestant's "tolerance" creed over against the Catholic's creed on intolerance. The quotations are the words of a sinless Christ uttering a just condemnation for all who are against Him (for the only alternative is "against Him") and therefore against the right. Tolerance is not the word to use. The quotation is what a member of the Godhead Christ said and God in his perfection can tolerate nothing. God must either approve or condemn.

The quotation from Mark 16:16 is Christ again giving utterance to an eternal truth as a damantine as that fial in the beginning which thundered "Let there be light." Both quotations are from the spoken words of Christ and so far as we know accepted by all Christians whether Catholic or Protestant. It is true that our anonymous critic does have a misconception of the word "tolerance" when he uses it to describe the attitude of a perfect God toward sin. He asks if we have read history, we wonder if he has read the Bible.

He says "the good thing" in his religion is that he can love all men; the inference is that all other things in his religion are bad. Logically following this line of reasoning we would be justifiable in surmising that these other things in his religion include a love for all the deeds of men, whether good or bad. This we do not believe for his letter has the earmarks of being above that plane. Therefore, we find another "not"—he is not conscious of his inconsistency.

He closes with a wish for our success "in all good endeavors" for which we thank him.

His ending is typical of his beginning for he ends with a "not" —**he is not named.**

Special Offers for June

With the new edition of Thomas Jefferson on our shelves we now have three of Mr. Watson's major works in print. These books are all in excellent cloth binding printed on the best book paper by one of the largest printing houses in the United States. To own these books is to appreciate them.

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WRITE FOR PARTICULARS

THE WATSONIAN

Thomson, Georgia

Let him speak to you a last farewell:

"So with your bright eyes looking into mine and your cheers ringing in my ears I go on my way very encouraged, inspired with the belief that it is a glorious thing to represent a people like this, and I can well afford to leave the harvest to time and to the God who rules us all."

Sweet must have been his last days. From a richly deserved seat in the Senate of his country he had the satisfaction of seeing the first reaping of this harvest. His old enemies were adopting his creed as their own. His cherished reforms were being enacted into laws. His dreams of the awakening of men's consciences were being realized. Success was crowning his lifelong efforts. The dawn of a better economic day was at hand.

—From House Memorial Services to Thos. E. Watson, Representative Collins of Mississippi.